

THE MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC WORLDS

JEAN DE RESZKE will visit America again. The statement was made in New York by Edouard de Reszke last week, although the latter says that no definite time has been fixed for his brother's return. The tenor has promised Maurice Grau that he will sing here with the Metropolitan company, and this will undoubtedly be good news to his legion of admirers in this country. Jean de Reszke is now in Paris, where he is singing at the Opera in "Stegfried" and "Lohengrin." Rehearsals are in progress there for the production of the French version of Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci," in which de Reszke will sing the role of Canio. The opera will not be given in conjunction with any other, but will be sandwiched between two acts of a ballet.

FRANK DAMROSCH has resumed his series of symphony concerts for young people. The object of these recitals is to educate them musically through the medium of carefully selected programs. At the concert Saturday in Carnegie Hall, New York, Gabriellowitch, the Russian pianist, was the soloist. He played the rondo and romance from Chopin's E minor concerto and selections by Rubinstein, Raff and Brahms.

MAUD MACCARTHY, the Irish violinist, has been engaged as soloist for the second concert of the New York Philharmonic Society, Friday afternoon and Saturday evening in Carnegie Hall. One of the principal numbers to be given is Weingartner's No. 2 symphony in E flat, op. 29. It will be the first time that the composition has been given in New York. Weingartner has been prominently identified with musical affairs in Germany for the past fifteen years, although he is a comparatively young man.

"TANNHAUSER" will be sung at the Metropolitan Opera House tonight when Emil Gerhauser, the German tenor brought over by Maurice Grau recently, will make his first appearance in America. Others in the cast are Gadski, Miorilly, Van Rooy, and Bass. Puccini's "La Boheme" is to be the bill Wednesday, with Sembrich, Scheff, Campanari, Journef, Dufrique and De Marchi. "Rigoletto" is to be sung Friday evening with a cast including Sembrich, Bridwell, Scott, Journef, Gillebert, and Daniel. "Otello" is scheduled for the Saturday matinee and "Lohengrin," with Anthes

In the title role, has been selected for Saturday night.

DANIEL FROHMAN has announced a series of special afternoon entertainments at Daly's Theater this winter. They will be mostly of a musical nature, and will begin next Thursday afternoon, when Ossip Gabrilowitch will be the soloist.

M. GASPARD, a Parisian baritone, will appear for the first time in this country tomorrow afternoon at Carnegie Hall, New York, in selections from "La Jolie Fille de Perth," "Herodiade," and "Hamlet." The singer is a pupil of Lassalle. He will be assisted in his recital by Mlle. Barbe, soprano, and M. Kefer, cellist.

AMONG the foreign artists who, rumor says, may visit America next season are Adelina Patti and Gustavo Salvini, son of the great Tomaso.

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER, the playwright, will go on a tour as a reader next year in selections from Ibsen and other dramatists.

THE storm scene in "Mary of Magdala," seen nightly at the Manhattan Theatre, New York city, amazes the audience by its realism and force. This was illustrated the other night when a policeman new to the beat passed by the stage entrance and heard the noise. To him it sounded like an explosion, and he at once turned in a fire alarm, and the man at the stage door had difficulty in preventing the firemen from disturbing the scene.

IT SEEMS that William Gillette is determined to play the part of a detective, even in real life, and keep his own counsel. It is thought that he has a new play finished, and is working on another, but those closest to him are unable to get any information about them from him.

When he left the Knickerbocker at the close of the past week New York saw him as Sherlock Holmes for the last time, so he says. Next year he is to follow his ambitions and play "Hamlet." As he has never been prominent in Shakespearean parts the success of his new venture is an unknown quantity.

SINCE DESA GIBSON and Edith Whitney flew the sheltering walls of

the Casino, New York, the former owning the house \$40 for salary advanced, the Shubert Brothers have more and more strongly felt the moral obligation that rested on them as managers of the house. So they pasted up a notice at the stage entrance, informing all the chorus girls and bridesmaids that not another penny of salary would be advanced to them, and urging them in pleading tone to shun late suppers and fast company. The "bridesmaids" were said last night to be on the verge of open rebellion, but whether against the salary rule or the salutary admonition was left to conjecture.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been drawn to the recent change made in the programs at the Metropolitan Grand Opera House in New York city. Instead of simply announcing as in previous years the opera, it indicates the author of the music and of the libretto, the name of the stage director, the place of the action, and the number of acts and scenes. For instance, at the recent production of "Lohengrin," the program indicated that Wagner was the author of both the music and the libretto, and that the action passed on the banks of the Scheldt, near Antwerp.

A NEW FARCE by Leo Dietrichstein, author of "Are You a Mason?" has been accepted for the use of John C. Rice and Thomas A. Wise.

THE Klaw & Erlanger New Orleans Theatrical Company filed articles of incorporation in Trenton recently, being capitalized at \$300,000. The new corporation will purchase the Tulane and Crescent theaters, in New Orleans. The incorporators are M. W. Livingston, Charles Cosgrove, and Edward Q. Vordner.

MADAME GADSKI, of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company, was contemplating a beautiful bunch of flowers in her dressing room at the Opera House recently, and, reflecting that few eyes could see it, summoned a boy and requested that he hand the bouquet to her over the footlights at the end of the second act of "Lohengrin." The boy, being wise, sought counsel of Mr. Grau before he obeyed, and Mr. Grau said no, the rules of the house were not to be proved by any exceptions. The boy returned to Madame Gadski with the message. She bowed to authority, but

in an eloquent silence. A similar request had already been made by Madame Sembrich, and similarly denied.

FOLLOWING is a verbatim copy of a press agent's announcement: "Searchlights of a Great City," a grand production replete with comedy, sentiment, and pathos, will be staged at the Third Avenue Theater next week. Leander Richardson, the great author, leads from the lurid spots of the Ghetto in the great metropolis of New York to the life of glitter in the mansions on the Riverside Drive. Like an elocutionist, he carries the spectators through the play, aroused to the highest climax of enthusiasm, and, with the many pleasing specialties, closes this grand melodrama to the satisfaction of the audience.

WHEN the curtain rises on the fourth act of Mrs. Fiske's production of "Mary of Magdala," Mary is discovered seated at a desk reading aloud from a book: "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons"—the words come sweetly forth—"I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste." "Until the day break and the shadows flee away."

Hardly a performance passes when some one in the audience is not heard to ask what the "poem" is that Mary reads. "It's very pretty," said a woman the other day; "where does it come from?"

RICHARD MANSFIELD was asked recently how long he had been preparing to present "Julius Caesar." "Twenty years," he replied. This terse answer was intended to indicate, of course, that the speaker had been planning to enact Brutus for many seasons. It may also indicate that the secret of Mr. Mansfield's success in his recent spectacular productions rests on careful study of history and comprehensive mastery of detail rather than the mere use of money freely.

The Mansfield acting version does not depart radically, so it is said, from that used by Edwin Booth. The Ghost does not appear before the audience, and by those who have seen this production its appearance to the Roman's fancy is declared to be one of the finest moments in the play.

Marc Antony is to be played by Arthur Forrester, Cassius by Barry John-

stone, Decius by Ernest Warde, and Trebonius by A. G. Andrews. These and Messrs. Ahrendt, Holland, and Laurent among the leading players are all Americans. Portia will be played by Dorothy Hammond, of Terry's Theater; Calphurnia by Maud Hoffman, an American who has made her career abroad save for a season here as Mr. Willard's leading woman; Lucius, boy to Brutus, by Mona Harrison, who played this role in Tree's revival at Her Majesty's; Julius Caesar by Arthur Greenway, also from London; Casca by A. W. Denny, of the Haymarket, and Metellus Cimber by Leslie Kenyon, of Wyndham's Theater.

When Miss Eleanor Robson made her stellar debut in "Audrey" last week, Eugene W. Presbrey, who staged the play, came out into the house to watch certain details from the front.

"Tonight has a peculiar significance for me," he said, "and I hope it will have peculiar propitiousness for Miss Robson. Fifteen years ago, in this same theater, I staged a play for a young woman, like Miss Robson, sweetest of great personal charm and poise, and full of promise. It became her first great step to the enviable position she now occupies. I can wish Miss Robson no better luck than her predecessor found in this house on that other evening."

The actress to whom Mr. Presbrey referred was Miss Annie Russell, and the play George P. Lathrop's drama of "Elaine," which took with Laurence and Guinevere grave liberties at the end, but which gave to Miss Russell a rare opportunity for gentle speech and pathos, and which reproduced in tableau the famous picture—the barge draped in black samite, bearing the body of the "lily maid" and guided by the old servant—the "dead oar" by the dumb."

BERTHA GALLAND is to be supplied with a new play immediately after her engagement in Washington, in "Notre Dame," in January. Miss Galland has been meeting with good success in this play, and throughout the West, where she is at present playing, the theaters are hardly large enough to accommodate all who desire to see the play founded on Hugo's story. Her manager will undoubtedly profit by the unfortunate experience of "The Forest Folk" and see that his star is provided with an offering that possesses stronger elements of popularity than did the dramatization of Maurice Hewitt's story.

Verestchagin's Great Painting Sold to a Brooklyn Man for \$18,000.

MATERNAL COURAGE AND PRIDE.

Cornell Player's Mother Saw Her Boy

Hurt, But Win.

New York Tribune.

She sat in the grandstand, waiting for her first football game to begin. Her boy had played it ever since she could remember, and now he had made his varsity team, which was her varsity, too—her Cornell.

Two of his fraternity "brothers" sat on either side as a bodyguard to her gray hairs and as a bureau of information. They were happier than they would have been with the prettiest girl they knew.

She smiled with motherly pride when she picked him out of the squad of red-sweated "hustlers" which at length trotted out on the field. She wiped away a tear when a Columbia man fell across the line for a touchdown.

Then she surprised her bodyguard by muttering under her breath: "Hold 'em hard, fellows." "Twist their necks!" "Push! Push!"

She explained her knowledge of these strenuous technical details by saying that her boy cried out like that when playing dream games in his sleep.

She did not faint when he tackled too hard and failed to rise, although his white face, with a streak of red blood across the forehead, was staring up at her.

"You can't hurt my boy," she said with confidence. "He's just doing that to get his wind." So it proved.

He was up and at it harder than ever within the time limit. The itacans galloped five through tackle, and lost as many yards trying to round the end. Then something happened.

A sturdy youngster shot out of the tangled eleven and dashed down the field toward the goal of the Blue and White. He crossed the line after line of white-washed and finally was over the last one, the whole pack at his heels.

"Touchdown! Touchdown!" cried the crowd.

"My boy did it," said the mother, and then she cried.

JOHN SMITH'S EPITAPH.

Inscription on the Tablet Over the Explorer's Tomb.

Newport News Dispatch in New York Tribune.

Walter S. Upshur, superintendent of grain elevators at the Chesapeake and Ohio terminals, has just received a copy of the inscription on the brass tablet which covers the tomb of Capt. John Smith in St. Sepulchre's Church, London.

THE CAPTIVES OF THE CZAR. A STIRRING NOVEL OF SIBERIAN EXILE.

By WM. MURRAY GRAYDON.

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SYNOPSIS.

Victor Sandoff at the age of thirty is head of the Russian Secret Service, succeeding his father, whose assassination by Nihilists he seeks to avenge.

One night, in pursuit of a noted Nihilist named Shamarin, he is himself captured, but is released by Vera Shamarin, sister of the Nihilist, on condition that he will swear to grant her an equal favor on demand. Her opportunity comes a year later, when the police are again close on the trail of her brother. At Vera's demand Victor gives her a passport for her brother. But the plot is overheard by Victor's lieutenant, Zamose, who, already plotting Victor's downfall, gladly seizes this opportunity to denounce him. Shamarin and his sister are captured and exiled to Siberia, whither ten days later Victor follows them.

Two years pass, when Victor and Shamarin meet in the same prison and become friends. Vera, who has escaped, is able to communicate with them, furnishing tools with which they break out of prison at night and join her, overpowered one of their Cossack guards whose uniform and rifle they appropriate. They evade the troops sent after them, and after an exciting flight in an open boat down the treacherous Shilka, take refuge in a hut to which they had been directed by friends. Here they capture several weeks. In February, however, they renew their journey on foot down the valley of the Amur. Driven to a desperate chance by exposure and hunger, Sandoff approaches a post house as a sledge draws up.

It contains Serge Zamose! Sandoff, unseen, declares that an accident has compelled him to leave his companions behind. Unable to secure a guard or a driver, Zamose resolves to drive alone to the next station. Sandoff and Shamarin watch and capture him on a lonely stretch of road. Sandoff determines to pose as Inspector Zamose, and Shamarin dons the Cossack uniform.

THE gray dawn stole over the sky and when it was sufficiently light Sandoff drew out the bundle of papers and examined them closely. One was the passport, made out in the name of Serge Zamose and companions—a form which admitted of a very wide construction. The others were letters of instruction, which made clear—at least to a certain point—the object of Zamose's journey across Siberia. It appeared that the inspector was to report on the condition of Siberian prisons, with a view to changes which the Minister of Police had in contemplation. Moreover the nature of these letters showed that Zamose's mission was a secret one, and among them was one document which enjoined all government officials along the route to give him whatever aid he might require.

"I rely on this more than anything," said Sandoff to his companion, "for it puts us beyond the reach of unpleasant questioning. As for Vera, I have a plan that promises well. I will say that she is the wife of some Russian officer at Irkutsk, who is going to visit friends at Vladivostok, and whom I have agreed to see to her destination."

"Yes, that is a splendid plan," rejoined Shamarin. "But yourself, are you in no danger?"

"Very little, I think," said Sandoff, confidently. "It is not likely that we shall encounter anyone who ever saw Zamose, for he was never out of Russia before. We will travel rapidly and make as few stops as possible. We will part company with our captive as soon as Vladivostok is reached."

"And what will you do with him in the meantime?" asked Shamarin. "Would it not be best to put him out of the way?"

"By no means," answered Sandoff decidedly. "I don't propose to commit murder. We will keep him constantly gagged and bound, and at night—when ever we happen to be stopping at a post station—you, Shamarin, will have to sleep in the sledge with him. We will keep him well covered up and with care none but ourselves will ever see him."

and promised to perform his part faithfully. It was now fully light, and on reaching a lonely spot along the road Sandoff turned the horses aside into the forest. The hood was lifted from the end of the sledge, and while Vera was taking the provisions out of the hamper, Sandoff placed the captive in an upright position and removed the gag from his mouth. The early rays of the sun were now shining into the sledge. As Zamose surveyed the faces of his companions his eyes gleamed with sudden recognition.

"I know you," he muttered savagely. "I thought you were all drowned—they told me so at the mines. You will pay dearly for this outrage. You know full well that you can never escape."

Sandoff turned to him with such ill-repressed fury that the traitor's face grew livid with fear.

"I am glad that you know me, you black-hearted scoundrel," he cried hoarsely. "If I gave you your deserts I should put an end to your life, as I at first intended. But I have changed my mind, and shall be satisfied to make you the instrument to our escape. I don't intend to part company with you, Zamose, until we have reached the Pacific, and I warn you now that if at any time you attempt to escape or to endanger us, I will kill you as I would a dog."

Zamose made no reply, but a strange look of exultation shone about his little eyes that quite escaped the notice of Sandoff and his companions. A short time later, after gagging the captive and placing him in his nest of rugs, Sandoff took the lines and drove the sledge to the post road.

During the next two weeks the fugitive traveled rapidly, obtaining relays of horses whenever needed. They met plenty of travelers coming from the opposite direction—merchants, squads of Cossacks, and Russian officers journeying from one post to the other, but Sandoff's distinguished bearing and appearance, and the presence of Shamarin by his side in Cossack uniform, precluded all possibility of detention or suspicion. Vera and Zamose were at all times out of sight, the covering of the sledge being kept closely down. Sometimes they bivouacked along the road, building fires for comfort and protection from wild animals. Whenever they chanced to spend a night at a post station all passed off well. The starosta's wife usually took charge of Vera, who was now known as Madame Gungsborg, and Shamarin kept a close watch over Zamose, both sleeping in the sledge in the courtyard.

The latter bore his enforced captivity well in spite of the fact that he was constantly bound and gagged—except when food was given him. He stoutly refused to answer any questions, however—especially in regard to the key of the small iron chest found in the sledge. The key was certainly not on Zamose's person, and a thorough search of the sledge failed to reveal it.

During the first week of their sledge journey the fugitives covered nearly 400 miles. But after they left the valley of the Amur and turned southward along the valley of the Ussuri River, the weather changed suddenly—an unusual event at this time of year, for it was but the middle of March—and a thaw began, which speedily turned the post road into a bed of slush and water. This lasted for two whole weeks, making

rapid traveling out of the question. At the end of that period Sandoff and his companions found they had covered but 150 miles, and were still an equal distance from Vladivostok. They now rarely met travelers, for by the season of the year when journeying by sledge or wagon is equally impossible, and from present indications it would take them three weeks or a month to cover the brief distance remaining.

But on the last night of March a chilling change came. They were stopping at a post station on the Ussuri, and when Sandoff rose early, as was his wont, and went out into the courtyard to see how Shamarin and Zamose had fared, he found the air bitterly cold, and the river, which had partly broken up on the previous day, ice bound from bank to bank. The post road, as far as the eye could reach, was smooth, hard and glassy.

No time was lost in starting, and as the fresh relay of horses bounded forward under loose rein, with the sledge training lightly behind them, Sandoff turned to his companions and cried excitedly: "Hurra! We are safe! This cold spell won't last, but it will be sufficient to carry us to Vladivostok—or nearly there, for I've no intention of entering the town. We will make no more stops, and by tomorrow night we ought to reach our journey's end."

At noon a village of some size was reached, Riga by name, and here the passports of the travelers were demanded by a bearded Russian officer who stopped the sledge before the military post in the center of the town.

He glanced over the document with sudden interest, whispering to several companions standing near, and then handed it back to Sandoff.

"If your excellency wishes a good hotel," he said, "I can direct you to one—or perhaps you would prefer the hospitality of the barracks? The best we have is at your service. Our commander, Colonel Nord, is absent, but will return before evening."

Sandoff looked doubtfully at the speaker, with a dim suspicion that something was wrong.

"Give me best regards to Colonel Nord," he said calmly. "Tell him I am in haste, and must go on to the next station."

The officer was plainly taken aback by this answer. He looked at Sandoff, and then at his companions, who were no less surprised. From his nest of rugs, deep down in the sledge, Zamose uttered a faint chuckle that no one heard. Sandoff bowed with dignity to the officer, calmly gathered up the lines, and called to the horses. The sledge moved slowly off, gaining speed with each second, but the sharp command to stop that Sandoff more than half feared did not come.

Vera was on her knees, peeping through a hole in the rear curtain.

"The officer is still standing in the center of the road," she announced eagerly. "He is talking to his companions and pointing. Now the Cossacks are coming out of the military post—a dozen of them. People are running from their houses to see what is the matter."

An interval of silence and suspense, during which the sledge moved rapidly down the street.

"Now the officer has gone back," continued Vera in a tone of relief, "and the Cossacks are moving away, too. Only a few persons are in sight."

A moment later the sledge passed into a hollow that concealed the town from view, and when it reached the crest of the next ridge a single Cossack could be seen standing before the military post. As the village receded in the distance the fugitives began to feel more easy.

"I was greatly alarmed for a few seconds," admitted Sandoff. "The officer evidently expected us to stop, though I have no idea why. It is possible that trouble will come out of this affair yet. If I thought so I would suggest that we abandon the sledge and take to the forest with the horses."

"Try him," suggested Shamarin, with a backward jerk of his arm. "He'll know all about it."

Sandoff was favorably impressed with the idea. Handing the lines to his companion, he dropped into the sledge, hauled Zamose out of the rugs, and took the gag from his mouth.

"You heard our conversation at Riga a few moments ago," he said sternly. "Don't try to deny it," for Zamose had suddenly assumed an expression of guileless amazement.

"And suppose I did hear it," he retorted defiantly, "what then?"

"Simply this," replied Sandoff. "I wish to know, and I intend to know, what it means. It will be to your interest to answer me, for if I find hereafter that we are in danger of recapture, I will shoot you without mercy, whereas, if we get safely to the coast you will be liberated."

This plain statement seemed to have an effect on Zamose.

"Since you take advantage of my helplessness I will tell you," he said reluctantly. "For more than a year past Colonel Nord, the military commander at Riga, has been beseeching the authorities at St. Petersburg for a new barracks, and shortly before I began my journey he was notified that I was coming, and that I would make an inspection of the building and report on its condition. I hope you are satisfied now."

He bore Sandoff's keen glance without flinching. Either he was telling the truth, or he was an adept in the art of lying.

"That certainly seems plausible," said Sandoff, as he regarded the captive, and put him back among the rugs. "Circumstances seem to bear out his story. When I get to the next station I will telegraph back to Colonel Nord that I was compelled to—no, I won't, either. I'll let matters go as they are. The colonel will be furious with rage, and will open communication with St. Petersburg at once, but by the time he gets any definite answer we shall be out of reach."

Faster and faster sped the sledge. Mountains and hills, forests and ravines loomed up ahead, sped swiftly by, and faded into the distance. At last, far off on the plain, a speck appeared, and soon the speck was transformed into a tiny Siberian village—a post house, a military station, a telegraph office, and a few lonely cabins—not more than five or six.

The sun was just sinking into a crimson bed of clouds when the faithful horses entered the little street on a gallop. An instant later they were pulled back on their haunches with foaming nostrils and steaming flanks, as a gate swung suddenly across the road checking further progress.

TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW AND EVERY WEEK DAY UNTIL COMPLETED.

RECEPTION IN HONOR OF DR. AND MRS. NEEDHAM

Columbian Women Greet University President.

The Columbian Women gave a reception Saturday night at the university building in honor of Dr. Charles W. Needham, the new president of the university, and Mrs. Needham. Besides the Columbian Women there were present the members of the faculty and their wives and the trustees of the university.

The guests were introduced by Mrs. Charles E. Monroe, the president of the Columbian Women, and Mrs. Hodgkins. Orange and blue, the Columbian colors, were conspicuously displayed everywhere throughout the building, and especially in one of the lecture halls, where a buffet luncheon was served. Yellow chrysanthemums and shades were used upon the tables.

Mrs. Carroll served coffee, Lillian Holbrook ices, and Mrs. J. W. Holcombe the salads.

Among those present were: Justice and Mrs. Brewer, the Rev. Samuel H. Greene and Mrs. Greene, Theodore W. Noyes and Mrs. Noyes, W. S. Shallenberger, Second Assistant Postmaster General, and Mrs. Shallenberger, Dr. Ainsworth R. Spofford, Miss Spofford, Miss Nicolay, Judge and Mrs. S. J. Peelle, the Hon. Hannis Taylor, Dr. Theodore N. Gill, Andrew B. Duval and Mrs. Duval, Miss D. Hall, Judge and Mrs. Van Devanter, Dr. Wiley, Dr. H. J. Huntington, Miss Christian, Dean Howard L. Hodgkins and Mrs. Hodgkins, Dean Charles E. Monroe and Mrs. Monroe, Dean de Schweinitz, Dr. and Mrs. D. C. Shute, Miss Hazeltin, Dr. and Mrs. F. P. Morgan, Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Richardson, Dr. and Mrs. Schoenfeld, Miss Holbrook, Miss Brewer, Dr. and Mrs. Sterrett, Dr. and Mrs. Mitchell Carroll, Miss Emory, Prof. and Mrs. W. A. Wilbur, Dr. Swisher, Miss Chaney, Dr. and Mrs. Merrill, Mrs. Herron, Prof. and Mrs. Frisby, Dr. and Mrs. A. G. Wilkinson, Dr. and Mrs. Monroe Hopkins.

ROOSEVELT AT SAN JUAN HILL.

Verestchagin's Great Painting Sold to a Brooklyn Man for \$18,000.

New York Herald.

"Come On, Boys," Vassili Verestchagin's painting of the battle of San Juan Hill, showing President Roosevelt leading the Rough Riders, was sold at auction last evening at the Waldorf-Astoria to Gaston A. Brophy, of Brooklyn, for \$18,000.

Thirty other pictures by the great Russian artist brought \$25,045, and previous to the sale a series of twenty, depicting Napoleon's disastrous invasion of Russia in 1812, were sold to Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador at Washington, on an order from the czar, for \$100,000. They will be shipped at once for hanging in the imperial museum at St. Petersburg. For fifty-one pictures a total of \$143,045 was received.

Mr. Brophy, the purchaser of the San Juan picture, is a mechanical engineer, with offices at 38 Whitehall Street, whose home is at 254 Park Place, Brooklyn. It is understood that he represents a syndicate that has been organized for the purpose of exhibiting the picture.

"No bids will be considered in units of less than \$1,000," announced John F. O'Brien, the auctioneer, before the curtains were withdrawn from the picture. At first there was a long wait, suggestion of \$500 and \$10,000 from the auctioneer falling on dead ears. At last some one offered \$3,000, and the price in a few bids rose to the figure at which the picture was sold.

Although details have been carefully concealed and the lips of all who have been concerned in the transaction are sealed, it is admitted that there has been considerable friction over the attitude of Mr. Verestchagin in exhibiting his Napoleonic series in this country and offering them for sale at public auction, instead of allowing them to go direct into the possession of the Russian government.

Harry Madson, the artist's attorney, declined last evening to discuss the matter further than to say that as a result of negotiations the lot had been sold for \$100,000 to Count Cassini, and would be returned at once to Russia. There is a well founded report that in the apparently passing over the czar's head and finally compelling the czar to come to him, if he desired the pictures, the artist has incurred the serious displeasure of the head of the great empire, but on this phase of the matter all concerned are more than reticent.

COMMUNION FROM OLD PLATE.

New York Tribune.

The pious tendencies of out-of-town visitors frequently manifest themselves in peculiar ways. One of these odd fancies is a desire to take communion from the old plate in possession of some of the New York churches.

A spiritual standpoint the virtues of the sacrament are probably not enhanced by historic association, but these communicants seem to believe that some special significance must attach to a service, and they spend a good part of their time going from church to church, inquiring of sextons and clerks when communion will be held, and what are the chances of the old plate being present.

"It's not religion that makes them do it," it's curiosity," said an assistant sexton who has been thus pestered this summer. "They want to have the satisfaction of telling their neighbors when they get home that they drank wine and ate bread from chalices and patens presented by Queen Anne or King George, or some such worthless relic, is safe to any, however, that very seldom do they have such plate, but it is rarely used."

"Trinity is particularly rich in that respect. The church has in its possession chalices, patens, and alms basins sent over by Queen Anne before the foundation of the church proper, while services were still held in the chapel in the fort. This set is engraved with the royal arms, as are other pieces, presented by William and Mary and George III."

"Some of the Dutch Reformed churches also have valuable old plate, and curious visitors with church affiliations elsewhere, which entitle them to partake of the sacrament, make a strenuous effort to attend a communion service when there is a possibility of the venerable relics being brought from their retirement. As a rule, however, they are served from ordinary plate. It is only on special occasions that the historic plate is pressed into service, and the chances of ambitious sightseers striking those red-letter Sundays are exceedingly slim."

ELOPERS NOW BARRED FROM "LITTLE CHURCH"

"No More Can Strangers Wed," the Edict.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—No more eloping couples will be married in the Church of the Transfiguration—the "Little Church Around the Corner," and the bars against strangers will be made even more rigid than in many of the stricter churches of the city.

The edict was made public yesterday, and young men and women who flee from the wrath of parents in distant parts of New Jersey, impromptu theatrical folk, and others who make up their minds suddenly to wed as they pore over ice-cream or tea in the Palm Garden of the Waldorf-Astoria are bidden to take notice.

Their Gretna Green is closed to them and they must seek a new Mecca unless they can come well recommended.

The Rev. George Clarke Houghton, rector of the church and nephew of the clergyman who made the church famous for its open-hearted charity, announces, and requests that some publicity be given to the announcement, that his parish work keeps him too busy for him to marry persons who are strangers to him and are not duly accredited.

Dr. Houghton breaks the news in the "Kalender," the monthly publication for his parish. This is how the news is broken:

"This autumn has brought me a great many experiences, and among them a large number of weddings which I have been obliged to decline, because I have not known the parties. It is necessary that I should know the people who come to me for marriage, or they must be vouched for by persons whom I know, and they must have acceptable witnesses. This parish is widely known by its charitable disposition, but there is a limit to the interpretation of charity, and I limit 'secret' marriages and marriages unsupported by family recognition. While this may not deeply interest the friendly readers of the 'Kalender,' it is of interest to me that my friendly readers should give some publicity to the statement that my time is fully occupied with my parish work, and if I step aside from that, for the marriage of persons who are in no way connected with this parish it is only for those who are fully accredited."

Another Droop Special.

FOLLOWING COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME, GIVE PRICE 41c.

"Mister Dooley."
"Rip Van Winkle was a Lucky Man."
"Josephine, My Jo."
"Don't You Yourself Good-bye."
"Jennie Lee."
"Ching-a-ling-a-loo."
"On a Chinese Honeymoon."